

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

THE FAST-ACTION WESTERN!

PDC

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
TO THE
COMICS
CODE

BLACK



10¢

DIAMOND

WESTERN

DEC.
NO. 48

LEV GLEASON, PUB. CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD EDITORS

3 feature-length
thrillerstories
starring
**BLACK
DIAMOND**
.....
BUCK ROPER
.....
RED FIRE

**DIAMOND! LOOK
OUT FOR THE GUY
ON THE
BALCONY!**

**AND THAT
WAGON FULL
OF
DYNAMITE!**

**ONE AT A
TIME, RED FIRE!
LOAD MY OTHER
PISTOL!**



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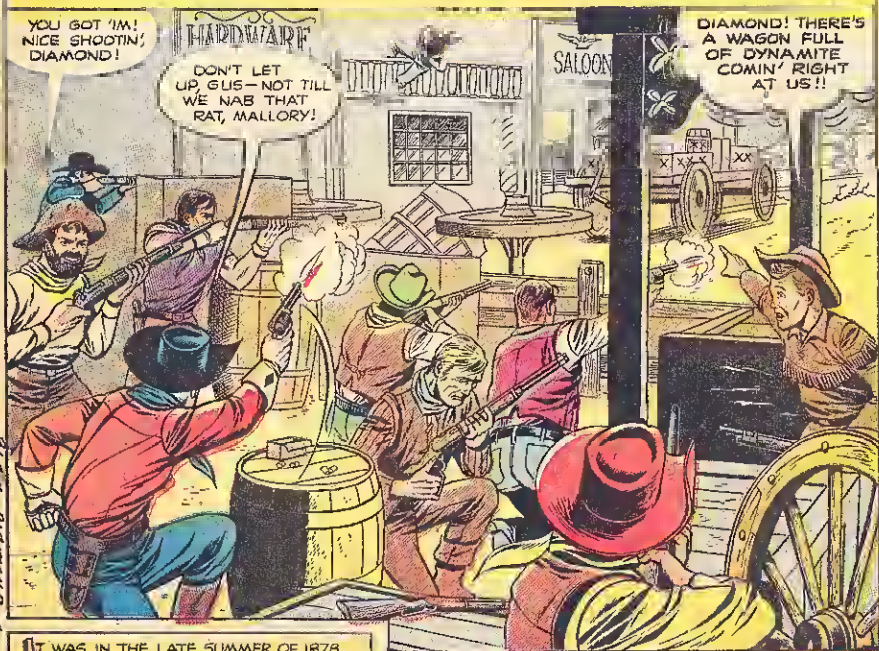
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN
FIVE DAYS - SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

BLACK DIAMOND

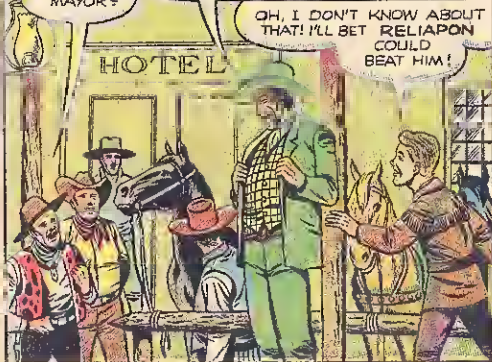
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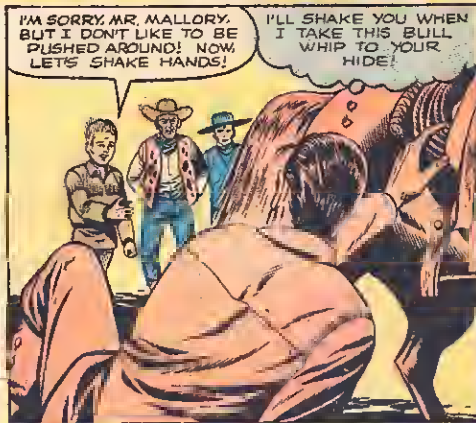
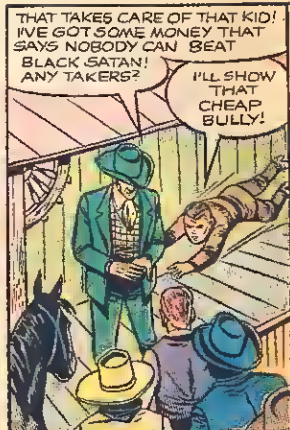


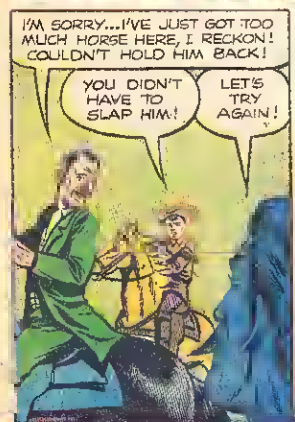
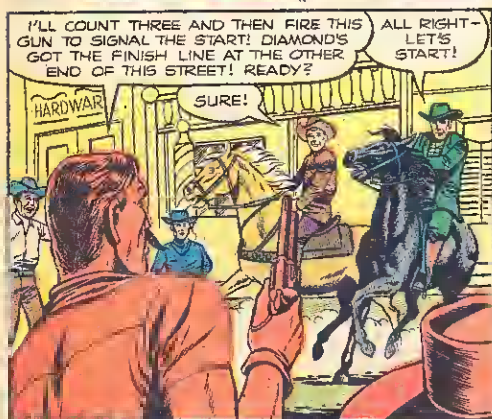
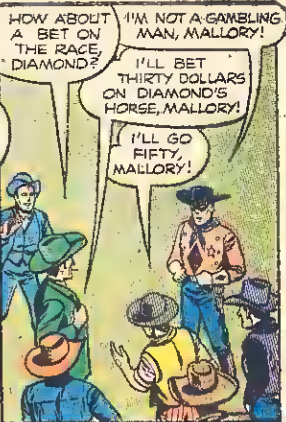
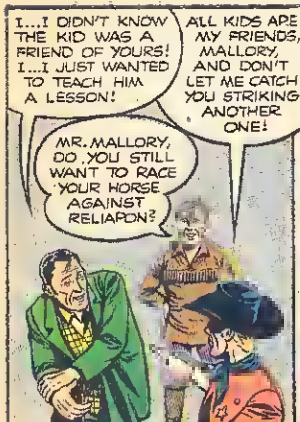
IT WAS IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1878, WHEN BLACK DIAMOND, BUMPER AND RED FIRE WERE PASSING THROUGH THE SMALL WESTERN TOWN ON SQUATTERS RIDGE...

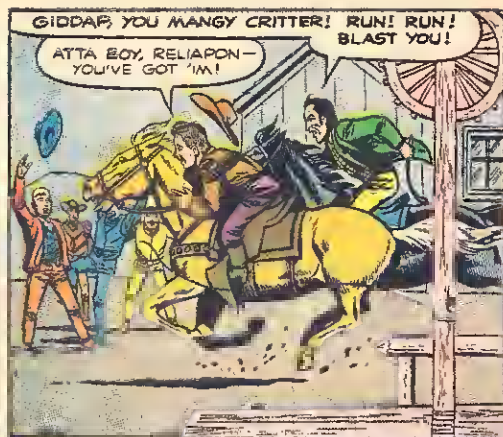


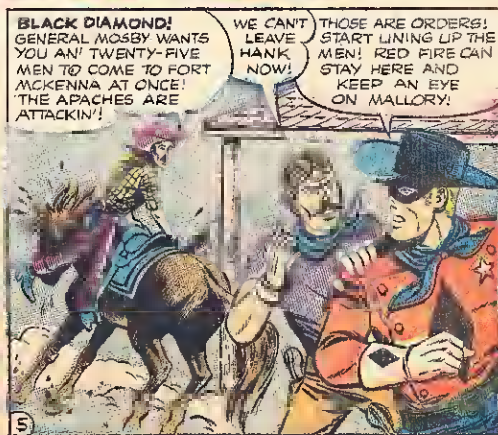
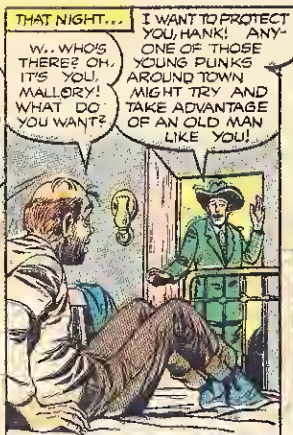
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT HORSE, MAYOR? BLACK SATAN'S A BEAUTY ISN'T HE? I BOUGHT HIM IN EL PASO—HE'S THE FASTEST HORSE THAT EVER LIVED!

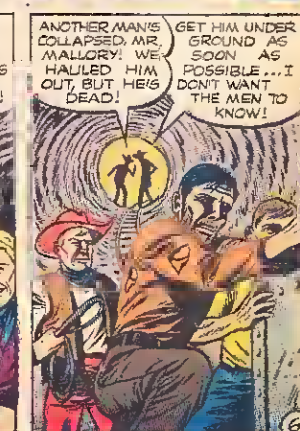
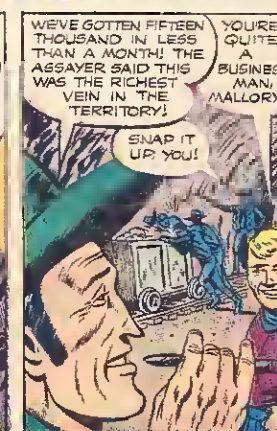
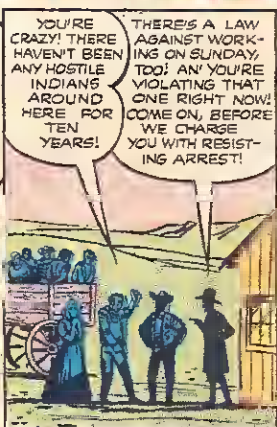
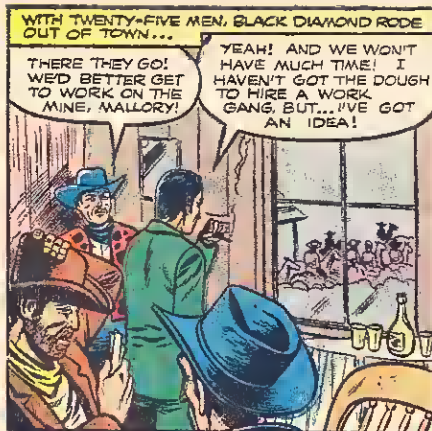












I'VE GOTTA GET OUT AND TELL
DIAMOND WHAT'S HAPPENING!
I HOPE THAT GUARD DOESN'T
TURN AROUND BEFORE
I GET THERE...



HOLD IT! I'VE GOTTA CHECK
THE CART BEFORE...HEY!
WHY, YOU LITTLE
BRAT...



LUCKY THAT RIFLE DIDN'T GO
OFF! I OUGHT TO BE MILES
AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE
THEY NOTICE
I'VE GONE!



AT THE
FORT,
MILES
AWAY...

THEY'RE MANIACS!
THEY JUST KEEP ON
COMIN' IN SPITE OF
THEIR CASUALTIES!

HERE COMES THE THIRD WAVE...
FIRE! AND DON'T STOP
UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



WE'VE FINALLY
STOPPED 'EM, DIAMOND!
THEY'LL BE FORCED
TO SURRENDER!

CEASE
FIRE!!



WE ARE A PROUD
RACE, BLACK DIAMOND!
BUT WE KNOW
WHEN WE ARE BEATEN!
ACCEPT THIS AS A
SYMBOL OF OUR
DEFEAT!

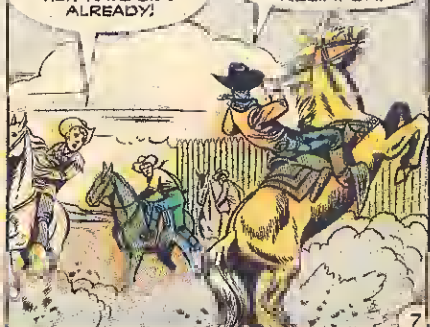
ALL RIGHT, BOLD EAGLE!
WE ACCEPT YOUR
BOW AND ARROWS!
WE WILL KEEP OUR
PROMISE AND I KNOW
YOUR BRAVES WILL
HONOR THE TERMS
OF SURRENDER!

HEY DIAMOND!
SOMEBODY'S
RIDIN' THIS
WAY!



DIAMOND, MALLORY'S
TAKEN OVER THE TOWN,
AND FORCING EVERY-
BODY TO WORK IN
THE MINE! TWO
MEN HAVE DIED
ALREADY!

THAT COYOTE!
GIMON, MEN, WE'VE
GOTA LONG, HARD
RIDE AHEAD OF US!
GIDDAP,
RELIAPON!



LATER...

FORTY THOUSAND ALREADY—NOT BAD, MALLORY!

A FEW MORE WEEKS, AND WE CAN PACK UP AND GET OUT OF HERE... HEY! WHAT'S UP?

BLACK DIAMOND AND HIS MEN ARE COMIN'!



TAKE COVER AND OPEN FIRE AS SOON AS THEY'RE IN RANGE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, OR WE'LL LOSE EVERYTHING WE'VE GAINED! HURRY, MEN!



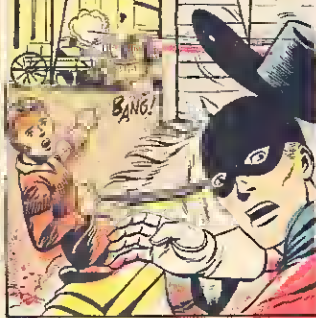
IT LOOKS TOO QUIET, DIAMOND! MAYBE THEY'RE ALL OUT AT THE MINE!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



DIAMOND! A BARRICADE OVER THERE... ULP!

TAKE COVER!



WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, DIAMOND! LET'S RETREAT!

IT'S TOO LATE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT, OR DIE!



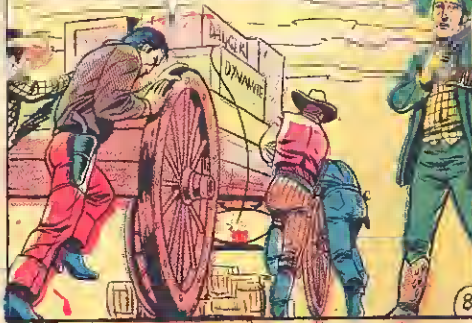
YOU'RE HIT, BUMPER!

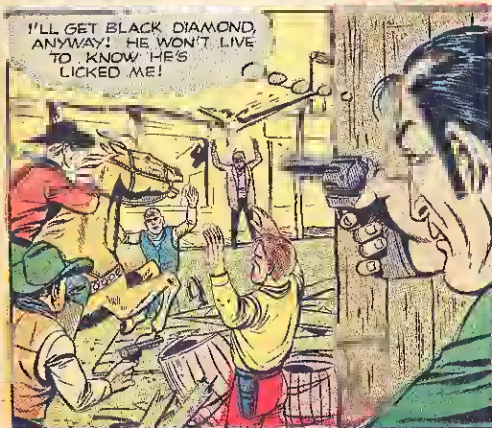
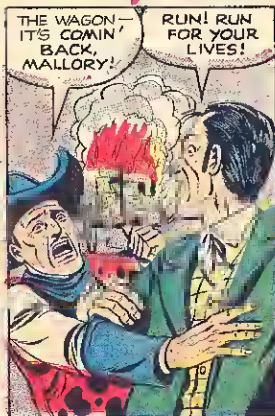
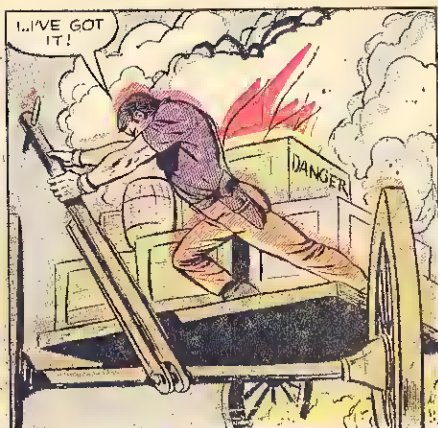
THIS'S NOTHIN'! I CAN STILL PULL A TRIGGER WITH MY LEFT HAND! HURRY UP AN' GET THAT OTHER GUN LOADED, RED FIRE!

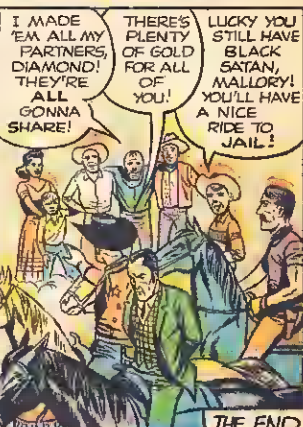
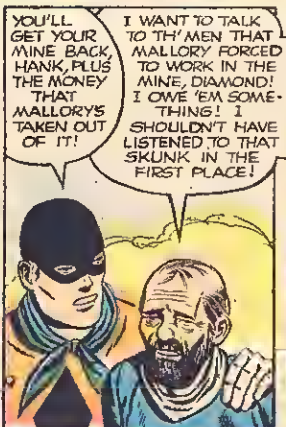
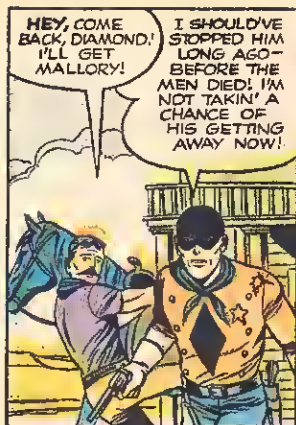


THAT FUSE'LL TOUCH OFF ONE BOX AND THE REST OF 'EM WILL BLOW WITH IT! THIS DYNAMITE OUGHT TO FINISH 'EM!

GET BACK, MEN!







THE END

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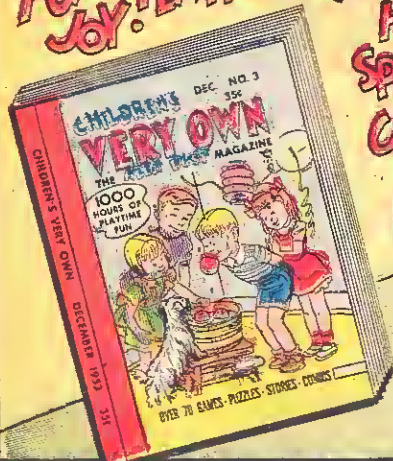
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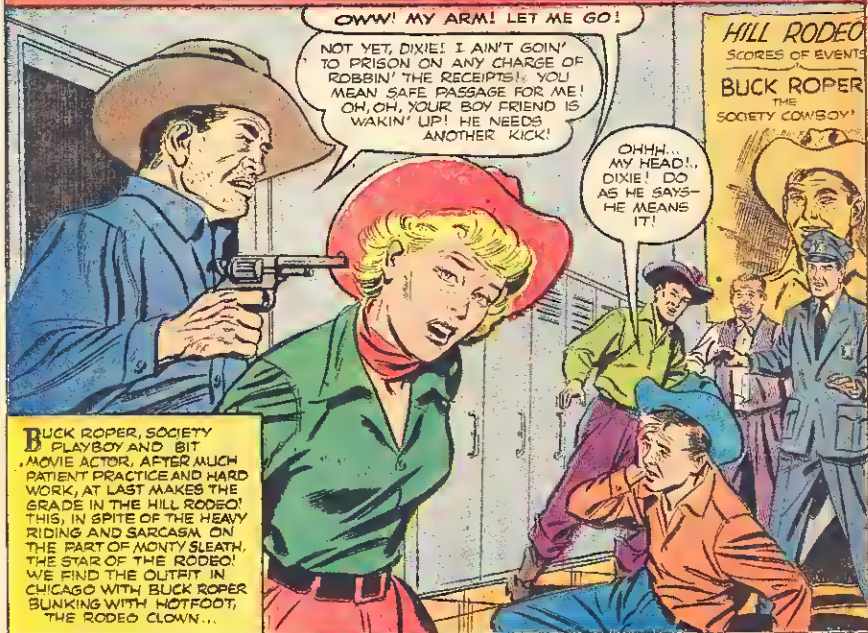
EVERYTHING A FUN-LOVING YOUTH HOLDS DEAR IS IN THIS GREATEST OF ALL CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES!

ON YOUR NEWSTANDS

NOW!

BUCK ROPER

IN "DRAWN AND QUARTERED"



OWW! MY ARM! LET ME GO!

NOT YET, DIXIE! I AIN'T GOIN' TO PRISON ON ANY CHARGE OF ROBBIN' THE RECEIPTS! YOU MEAN SAFE PASSAGE FOR ME! OH, OH, YOUR BOY FRIEND IS WAKIN' UP! HE NEEDS ANOTHER KICK!

OH... MY HEAD!... DIXIE! DO AS HE SAYS— HE MEANS IT!

BUCK ROPER, SOCIETY PLAYBOY AND BIT MOVIE ACTOR, AFTER MUCH PATIENT PRACTICE AND HARD WORK, AT LAST MAKES THE GRADE IN THE HILL RODEO! THIS, IN SPITE OF THE HEAVY RIDING AND SARCASTIC ON THE PART OF MONTY SLEATH, THE STAR OF THE RODEO! WE FIND THE OUTFIT IN CHICAGO WITH BUCK ROPER BUNKING WITH HOTFOOT, THE RODEO CLOWN...

AHH, GOOD OL' CHICAGO! SOONS I GET UNPACKED I'M GONNA HIT THE HOT SPOTS AN'... HEY, BUCK, AIN'T YOU UNPACKIN' YOUR DUDS?

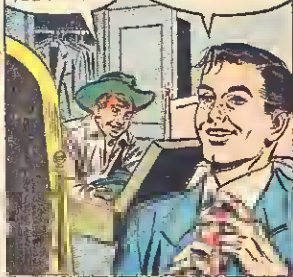
NOT YET, HOT-FOOT! MR. HILL SAID TO COME OVER AND SEE HIM RIGHT AFTER WE GET IN! SOUNDED MIGHTY IMPORTANT!

YOU SEEM TROUBLED, MR. HILL! ANYTHING WRONG?

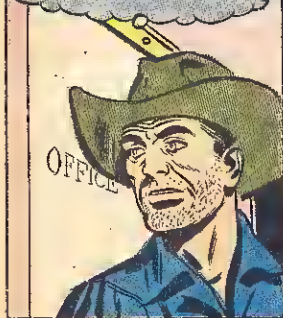
WE MAY BE IN TROUBLE IF WE DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING NEW TO ATTRACT LARGE CROWDS! WE HAVE TO WORK ON A BIG SCALE NOW—BIG TOWN MEANS HUGE COSTS, TOO! I'VE GOT AN IDEA... AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN!

Y'SEE, CHICAGO'S A LINK BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, AND I THINK THEY'D GO FOR THE NEW BILLING I HAVE IN MIND... "THE SOCIETY COWBOY"! I KNOW YOU'RE GOOD ENOUGH! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHY, IT'S A GREAT IDEA! SURE GO AHEAD! I'LL DO MY BEST!



SO CLAY'S GONNA GIVE ROPER HIS BIG CHANCE... BLAST HIM! I'VE BEEN TREATED SECOND RATE SINCE HE HIT THE RODEO, EVEN BY DIXIE! NOW, CLAY'S MAKIN' HIM THE STAR! WELL...



...SINCE CLAY'S HAVING TROUBLE MEETIN' HIS BILLS, I GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE I CAN DITCH CLAY AND ROPER, AND MAKE MYSELF THE RODEO BOSS! WITH ROPER OUTTA THE WAY, DIXIE'LL STOP MOONIN' OVER HIM!

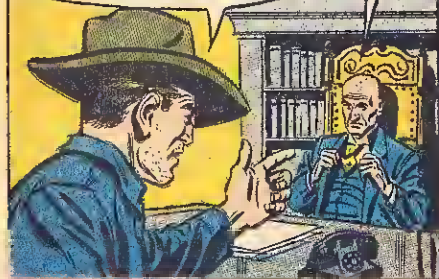


YSEE, MR. ... THE RODEO'D DO BETTER IF YOU STUCK TO THE BIG TOWN! INSTEAD OF WASTIN' TIME AT JERK-WATER STOPS! IT'S A PAYIN' BUSINESS! BUT CLAY HILL'S A SUCKER! ... ALWAYS THINKS OF GIVIN' THE HICK TOWNS A BREAK!



ALL WELL AND GOOD... SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO SELL OUT?

HE WON'T HAVE A CHOICE! HE NEEDS THE RECEIPTS HERE IN CHICAGO TO GET HIM OUTTA THE RED, NOW! BUT A LITTLE SABOTAGE WOULD FINISH HIM COMPLETELY! THEN YOU STEP IN, PAY THE BILLS AND YOU'VE GOT IT! ALL I WANT OUTTA THIS IS TO RUN THE SHOW!



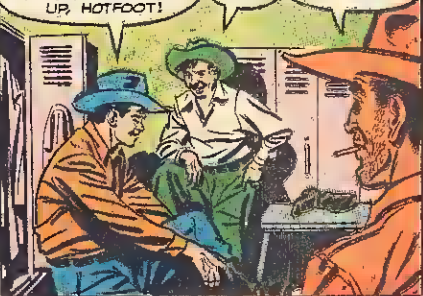
WAAAA! OKAY, MR. SLEATH... GO TO IT!

LATER, IN THE RODEO DRESSING ROOM, BUCK IS GETTING SOME EXTRA POINTERS FROM HOTFOOT, BEFORE THE BIG OPENING ...

I SURE APPRECIATE THE TIME YOU'RE SPENDING TO HELP POLISH ME UP, HOTFOOT!

AWW, FORGET IT! ...

WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T OUR PLAYBOY!



I TOLD YOU BEFORE, MONTY... DON'T CALL ME PLAYBOY!

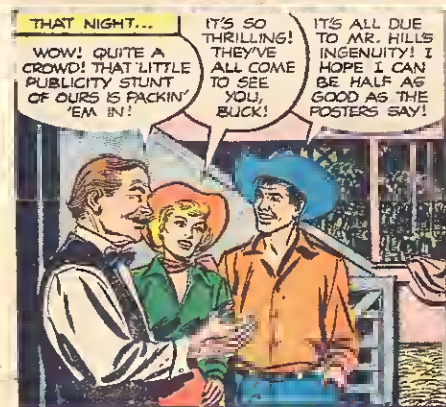
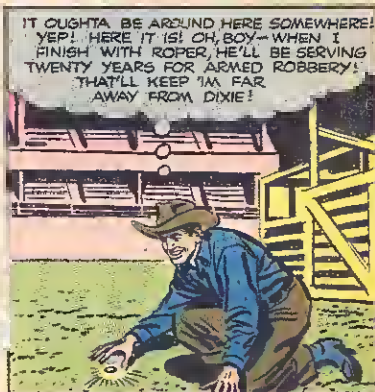
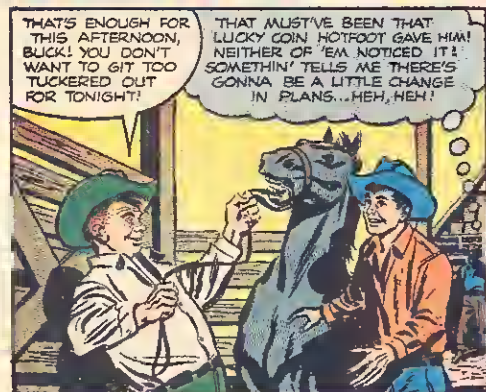
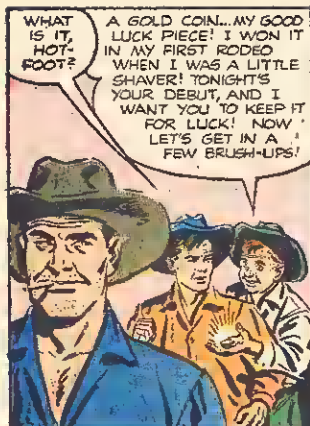
TEMPERAMENTAL CRITTER, AIN'T YAS. I'M WISE TO YOU, ROPER! YOU SOCIETY BRATS ARE ALL ALIKE! YOU'RE JUST HANGIN' AROUND HERE TO GET YOUR KICKS... WHILE THEY LAST! BUT TO US THE RODEO MEANS WORK! YOU'RE A PHONY, ROPER!

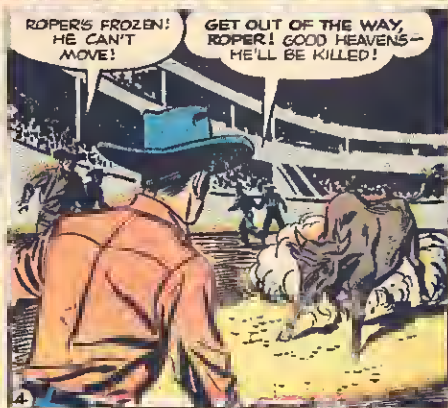
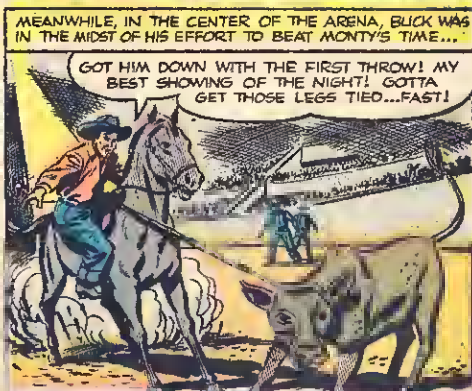
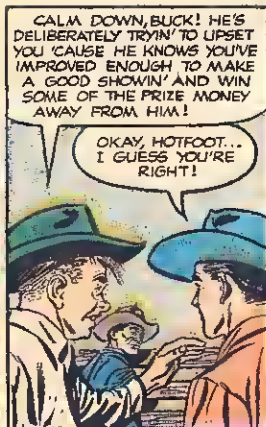
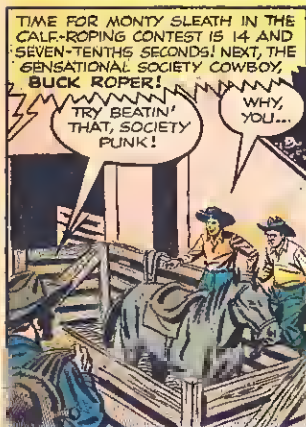


PHONY? WHY YOU DIRTY...

BUCK—STOP! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS YOU TO DO? DON'T GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION! BUCK! I I... I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING!







MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICE...

WELL, THIS TAKES ME OUTTA THE RED! AFTER I PAY THE BILLS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO INVEST IN SOME LIVESTOCK!

YEAH! CHICAGO SURE HAS BEEN GOOD TO US, MR. HILL!

HEY—
T...THE
LIGHTS...

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL SHOOT!
SHOVE THE DOUGH IN THAT
METAL BOX PRONTO, AN' GIVE
IT TO ME! C'MON, MOVE!

SHUT UP! AND DON'T SHOW YOUR
HEADS OUTSIDE THE DOOR IF YOU
DON'T WANT 'EM BLASTED OFF!
STAY INSIDE TILL I'M OUT OF SIGHT!

SOON AS I'M OUTSIDE THE
DOOR, I'LL DROP THE COIN!

W...WE'VE GOT TO STOP
HIM! I'M RUINED IF HE
GETS AWAY WITH
THAT MONEY!

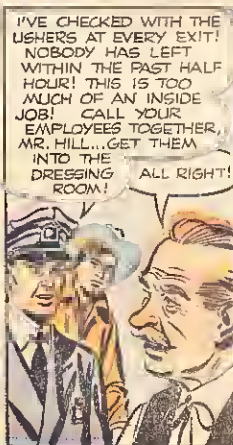
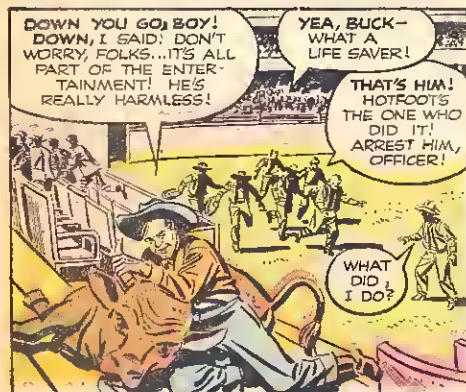
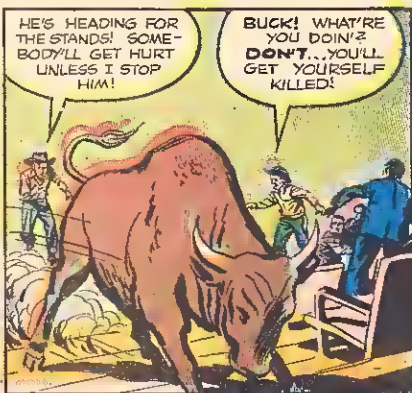
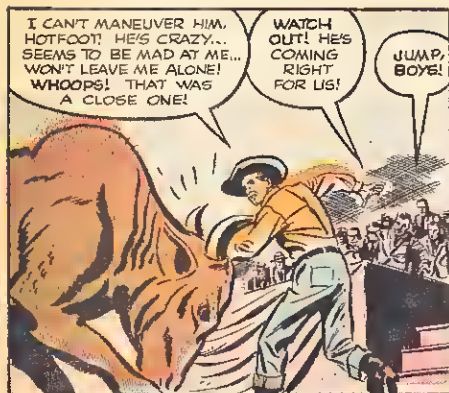
NO! DON'T! IF HE
SEES YOU, HE'LL SHOOT,
AND... WAIT! LOOK
THERE! HE DROPPED
SOMETHING!

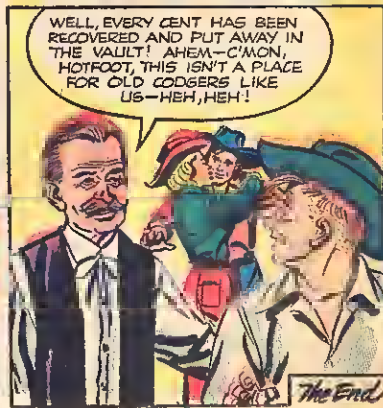
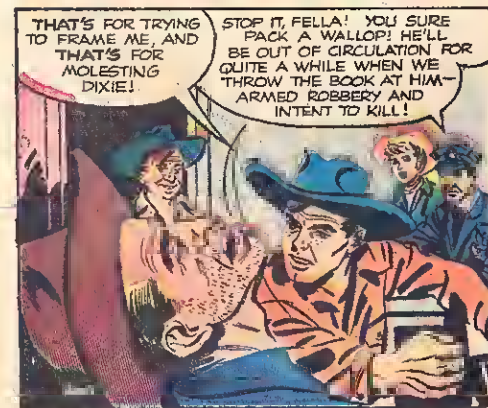
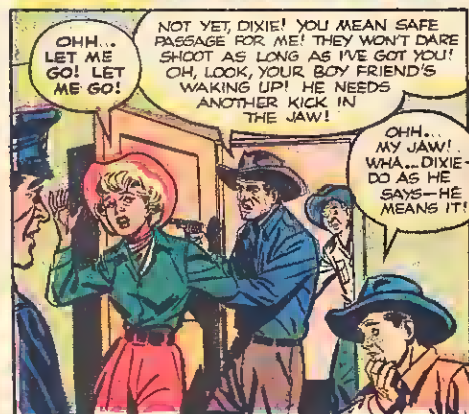
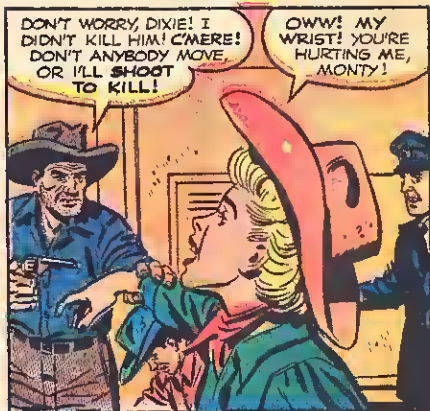
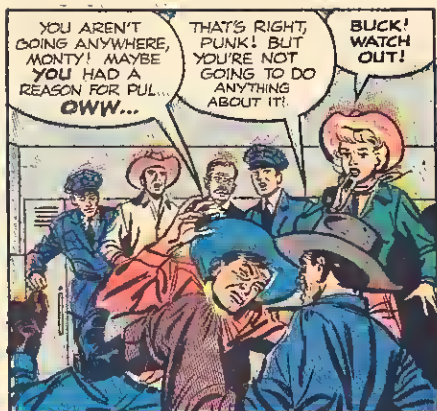
TURNING SHARPLY WITH THE CORRIDOR,
MONTY LEAPED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM,
EMPTIED THE BOX'S CONTENTS AND...

JUST IN CASE THAT GOOD LUCK COIN AIN'T
ENOUGH PROOF, I'LL LEAVE THE EMPTY BOX
UNDER ROPER'S LOCKER! NOW, TO HEAD BACK
TO THE ARENA! IT'LL LOOK LIKE HE PULLED
THE JOB RIGHT AFTER HIS
CALF-ROPING ACT!

WHA... ROPER'S STILL ON
THE FLOOR! BLAST IT—
HE'S PLAYIN' TAG WITH
THAT BRANMA! HOPE
IT KILLS HIM!

HERE, BABY HERE!
BUCK! LEAD HIM
OVER TO ME!



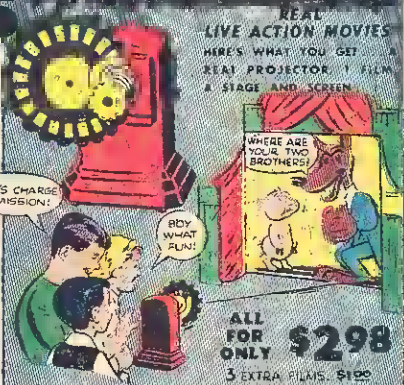


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AT THESE
4 WONDER BARGAINS

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HERE'S WHAT YOU GET A REAL PROJECTOR 1 FILM A STAGE AND SCREEN



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2 "HAPPY" THE COWBOY

I'M TERRIFIC!

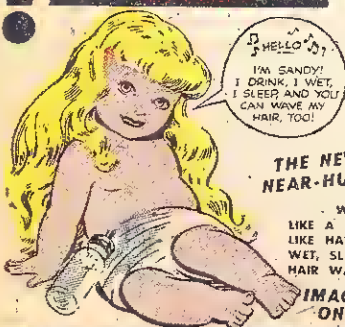
- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

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HELLO!
I'M SANDY! I DRINK, I WET, I SLEEP, AND YOU CAN WAVE MY HAIR, TOO!

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The PHANTOM REDSKIN



A hot wind whipped in low across the desert, blowing sand against the legs of the horses, as they carried their riders into the small desert town of Eagle Rock, Wyoming. Bob Vole, better known as the Black Diamond, sat easy in his saddle, his eyes narrowed, not speaking. His sidekick, Bumper, rode beside him. When they reached the sheriff's office, they dismounted, tied their horses, and walked inside. The sheriff was able to tell them little more than what they had been told when they were given the assignment. Four men had been murdered, each by an arrow, and each had been scalped. They had not been robbed, and in each case, an Indian had been seen near the scene of the murder. When the sheriff had finished, Diamond spoke. "How long since you've had any real trouble with Indians around here?" The sheriff scratched his head. "Ten. . . Fifteen years, I reckon. Why?"

"I dunno," Black Diamond said. "Just wondered. Any Indians live around here?" The sheriff's eyes narrowed, and a look of hatred crept into them. "Yeah. We got a band of the thieving scoundrels livin' about fifteen miles outa town. We oughta clear the whole lot of 'em oute there! They got no right squettin' there -- killin' our men!"

Diamond smiled wryly. "They were squatting there a long time before you or I were born. I reckon they'll be there a mite longer." He rose, gestured for Bumper to join him, and walked out to the horses. "Did you learn anything?" Bumper asked. "I learned the sheriff doesn't like Indians," Bob said.

Bumper followed as Bob rode out to a small frame house near the edge of town. The door was answered by a slight pale woman of about forty. Diamond took off his hat. "I'm a U.S. Marshal, me'm. I'd like to ask you a few questions, if I may." She gestured for them to enter.

"I'm investigating your husband's death," Bob began, but she cut him off. "Why?" she asked fiercely. "Those Indians killed him!"

"How do you know it was Indians?"

"He was . . ." She stopped suddenly, burying her face in her hands. The words came indistinctly, "Nobody but Indians kill that way. Nobody but a savage would . . ." Bob Vole rose, putting a hand on her shoulder. "I'm sorry, me'am," he said. "We'll get the killer. Don't worry."

A short ride carried them to another house, and another tragic story like the one they had just heard. The dead men had no enemies; nothing but a wife and family, a few cattle, a house, and a scrubby farm. And in each case there was bitterness toward the Indians.

Riding back toward town in the gathering darkness, Bumper said, "I reckon we'll need a whole cavalry unit to drive off those Indians."

"Keep your shirt on, Bumper," Diamond said. "We're not driving off anybody just yet." Bumper shook his head in wonderment. He knew Bob was usually right, but he certainly couldn't understand this time. Indians had killed four men, and the only Indians in the area lived on the reservation. It was as simple as that!

As they entered the dusty streets of the town, they heard a sudden scream, and spurred their horses forward. A man ran brokenly toward them, and as they watched an arrow whirled through the air and buried itself beside the one already sticking from his back. He pitched forward into the dust. A few hundred yards away stood a little redman, his strong bow

gripped in his hand. Seeing the masked man, he turned and darted for an alley. Drawing his pistol, Bob leaped off his horse and followed. As he moved cautiously forward, he heard a slight noise to one side, and whirled. He had just time to squeeze the trigger before something crashing into the side of his head, and he fell crozily sideways, and lay still.

He came to, on a desk in the sheriff's office. Bumper explained that he had found Bob's unconscious body, and had carried him here, where his wound had been treated. Bob looked around, and asked for the sheriff. "He's tryin' to talk sense to the mob," Bumper said. Bob sat up quickly. "Mob? What mob? What ore you talking about?"

"They're forming a mob to go out and kill the Indians." Ignoring the sharp pains in his head, Bob leaped down off the desk, and roced outside. Before Bumper could stop him, he was riding down the hard packed earth of the main street.

Even before they got to the main square, they could hear the ongrly mutters of the crowd. "You ain't gettin' in our way, are you?" cried a shrill voice. "I wouldn't, even if I could! They've got it coming!" the sheriff shouted. One mon rode out from the mob and raised his right hand. "Let's go, then," he cried, and the group turned their horses toward the Indian camp.

The Black Diamond spurred Reliapon forward so that he stood between the ongrly mob and their target. He raised his hand, commanding them to stop. Seeing that they were not going to listen, he put his hand on his gun, and the crowd grew silent. Their leader rode forward. "Don't try and stop us," he said.

"You've got no right to take the law into your own hands!" "We've got to stop those redskins before they kill us all! If the law don't do it, we're gonna be the law!" The crowd muttered its ossent, edging forward, anxious to get on with their ugly job. Bob Vole shouted louder. "You don't know the Indians did this! You're judging them without proof!" As Bob was speaking, he noticed that the sheriff had ridden up beside him. "These men have all the proof they need," he said. "They've got five bodies!" Besides, you tried to kill him before, didn't you? What's wrong with tryin' again?"

Diamond's eyes narrowed, as he listened. The mob was again inching forward, and he knew he could not hold them much longer without resorting to violence, and he knew they would kill him if he did. Speaking in a casual way, Diamond said. "Did you get that wound taken care of?"

"Sure, the doc . . ." the sheriff stopped, his eyes growing sharper. "What wound? What are you talking about?" Before the sheriff could stop him, Diamond reached forward and rubbed his finger behind the sheriff's ear, and brought it away covered with something that looked like brown oaint. "Greosepaint," Diamond said. "How about it, sheriff, you going to tell us now?" Before Diamond could draw, the sheriff whipped out a gun from its holster, and trained it on the masked man. Diamond kept his eyes on the sheriff's face, knowing he could tell when the man had decided to shoot. He kept talking. "It wasn't hard to figure. Nobody knew I'd shot the man who attacked me, except him!"

The mob grew silent, hanging on Vale's every word. "It was good wasn't it?"

Bob went on. "You found gold on the Indian reservation and you had to drive them off before you could mine it. It was easier to get the town stirred up against the redskins, and have them do your dirty job for you. Is that right?"

"Pretty smart, aren't you?" the sheriff muttered. He glanced quickly about him, seeing the cold eyes of the mob. "I'm gonno ride out of this square," he shouted. "And the first person that moves gets shot."

No one spoke. Black Diamond's hand shot out, pointing off to the sheriff's right. "That man!" he cried. The sheriff's syss were diverted for a second, and Diamond raised his left leg, pushed it against Reliapon's neck, and shoved his body through the air toward the sheriff. The sheriff whirled and fired, but the shot went wild. Diamond's body hit him, and they tumbled onto the ground. Diamond rolled over, and the sheriff brought his heavy foot up to Diamond's stomach. Reaching out and grabbing his shirt, Diamond brought his right fist up sharply, catching the sheriff on the flat of his jaw. Diamond pulled himself erect, smashing blow after blow into the sheriff's body, until he fell limp in the dust before him.

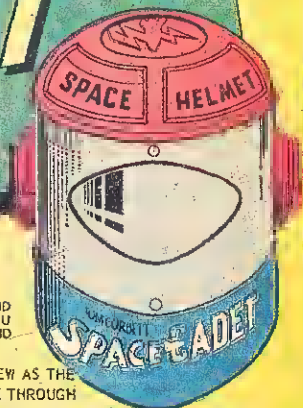
The leader of the mob dismounted and held out his hand to the Black Diamond. "Thanks, Diamond," he said. "I reckon you taught us all a good lesson. We'd have killed a lot of innocent men afore we learned that nobody kin take the law into their own hands! We ain't got much law out here yet, but I kin see that we gotta stick by it!"

Diamond smiled without speaking and shook the man's hand. Then Bumper lifted the limp form of the sheriff and laid it across his horse and the two lawmen and their prisoner started across the desert toward Chayenne.

The End

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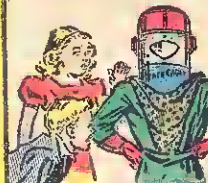
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RED FIRE

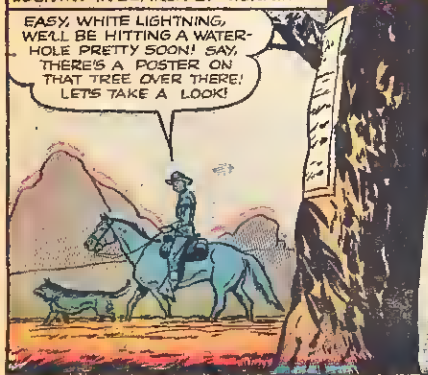
IN "DEADLINE FOR THE
CATTLE DRIVE"

DURING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE WILD WEST, A NUMBER OF POWERFUL MEN HAVE SOUGHT TO SET UP TERRITORIAL EMPIRES! TO ACQUIRE LAND, THEY HAVE LIED, CHEATED, STOLEN AND KILLED! ONE OF THESE MEN WAS KYLE MANSON, WHO ALMOST SUCCEEDED... UNTIL RED FIRE ENTERED HIS TERRITORY!

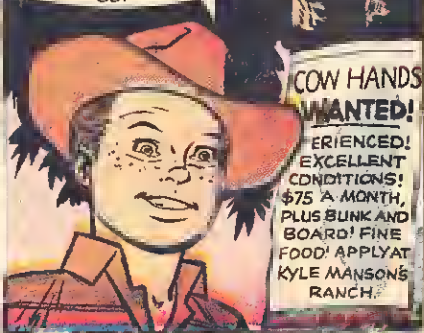


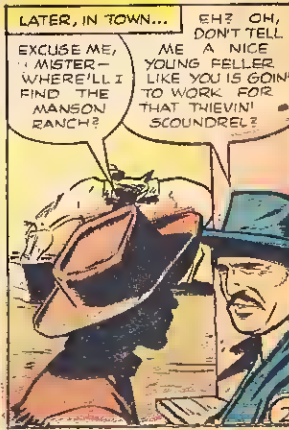
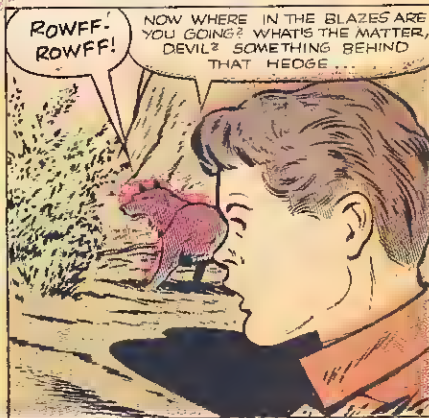
IT WAS A MERCILESSLY HOT SUMMER DAY IN 1881 THAT RED FIRE GALLOPPED TOWARD CATTLE COUNTRY IN SEARCH OF WORK...

EASY, WHITE LIGHTNING, WE'LL BE HITTING A WATER-HOLE PRETTY SOON! SAY, THERE'S A POSTER ON THAT TREE OVER THERE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH! WOW! EVEN THE TOP OUTFITS NEVER PAY MORE THAN SIXTY! WHAT LUCK—LET'S GO!





A THIEF? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT WHY WOULD A RANCH OWNER WHO CAN PAY SO WELL HAVE TO STOOP TO THIEVERY?

I SEE YOU'RE NEW TO THESE PARTS! KYLE MASON'S A POWER-HUNGRY COYOTE WHO WOULDN'T SETTLE FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN OWNING EVERY SPREAD IN THE TERRITORY!

MY NAME'S CHUCK NEVIN! I OWN THE SMOKY-N-RANCH! I RAN A NICE OUTFIT TILL MANSION OFFERED MOST OF MY HANDS MORE'N I COULD AFFORD! HE BOUGHT UP MY MORTGAGES AND WANTS TO KEEP ME FROM SHIPPIN' MY CATTLE SO HE CAN DRIVE ME OUT!

WHY, THAT'S FANTASTIC... BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. NEVIN! GEE... MANSION'S SALOON, MANSION'S HOTEL, MANSION'S STORE... HE'S GOT THIS TOWN MONOPOLIZED!

I'VE GOT 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND ONLY TWO HANDS TO HELP ME GET TO MARKET!



THE MONEY I'D GET WOULD SAVE THE RANCH! THAT'S WHY I'M IN TOWN LOOKING FOR SIX MORE MEN!

WELL, NOW YOU NEED ONLY FIVE, MR. NEVIN! MY NAME'S RED FIRE!

OH, OH—MANSION WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THIS!



HEY, KYLE! I JUST SPOTTED OLD MAN NEVIN TALKIN' TO A KID! HE JUST HIRED HIM AS A COWHAND!

HIRIN' A KID, EH? HA—I GUESS THAT MEANS WE'VE GOT EVERY ABLE HAND ON OUR PAYROLL!



B...BUT SUPPOSE HE STARTS HIS CATTLE DRIVE?

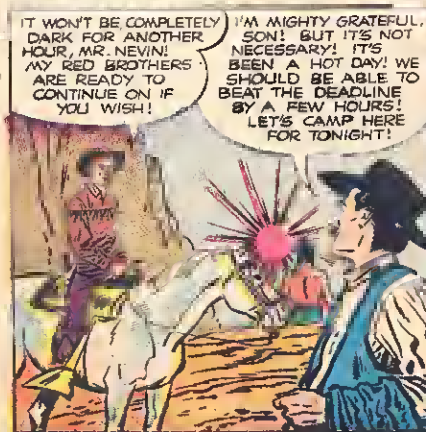
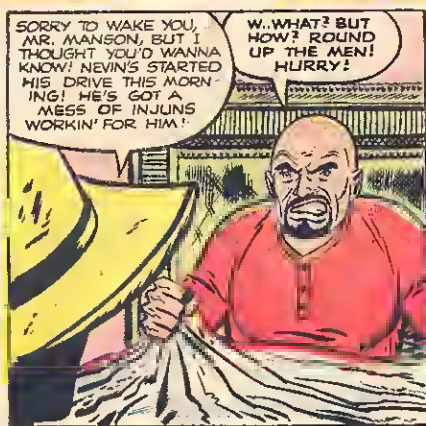
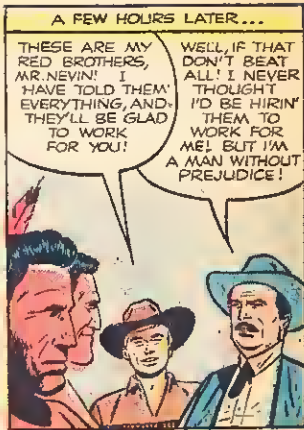
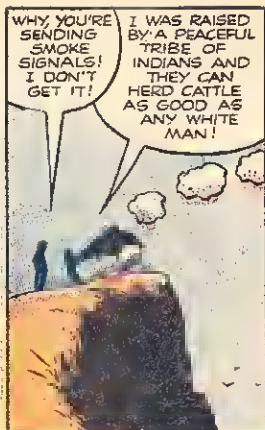
WITH WHAT? HOW ARE TWO MEN, A KID AND AN OLD WINDBAG GONNA GET 5,000 HEAD OF CATTLE TO MARKET? G'WAN, BEAT IT, STUPID!

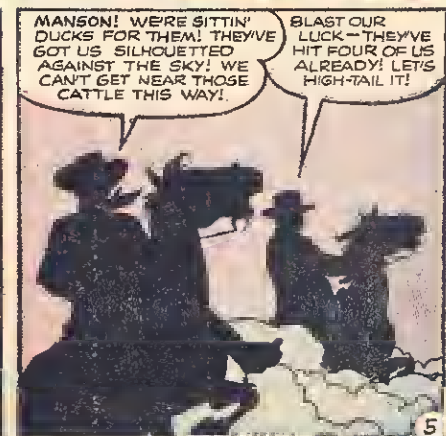


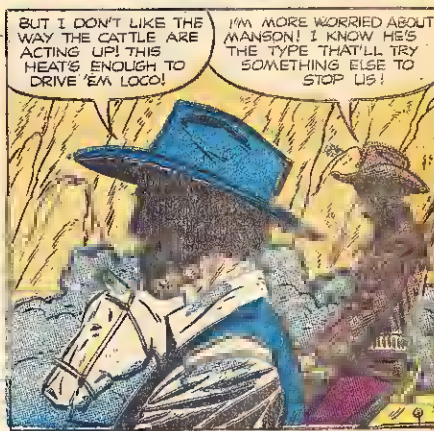
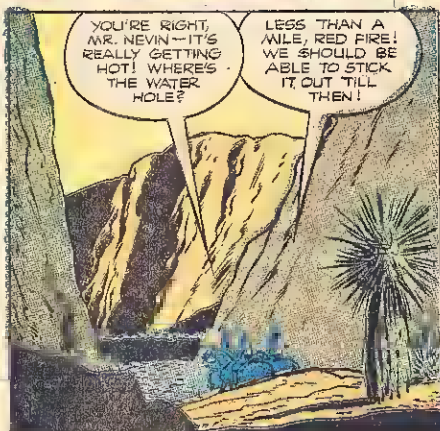
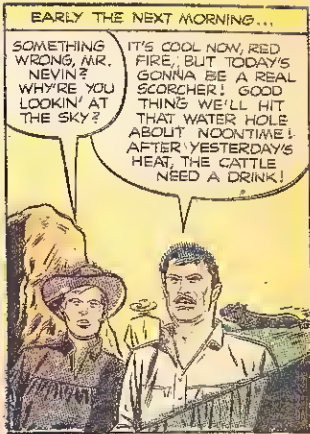
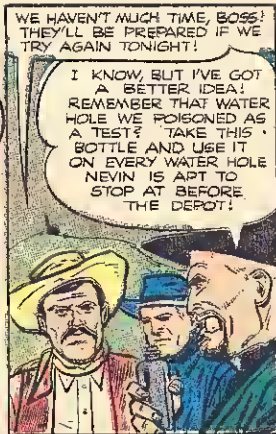
I DON'T KNOW, RED FIRE! THE DEADLINES AT SUNDOWN DAY AFTER TOMORROW MORNING!

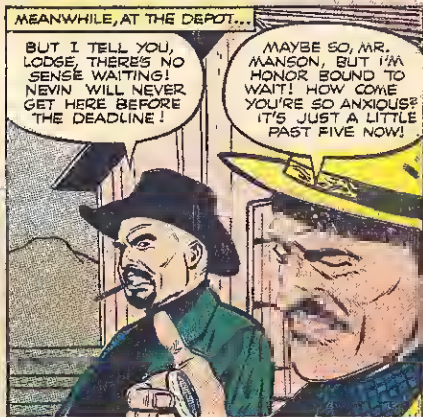
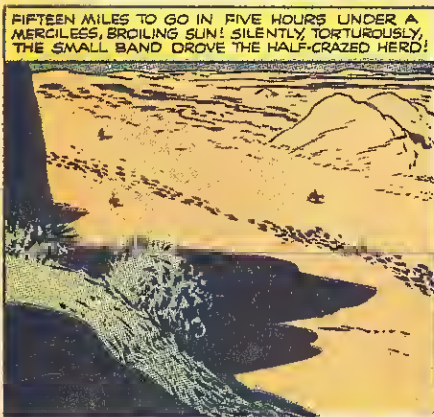
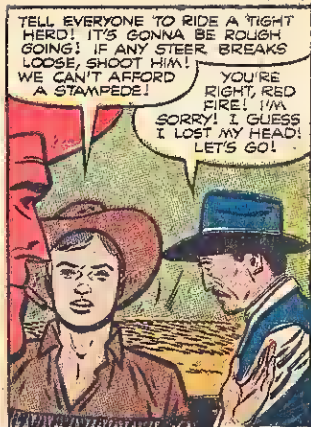
WAIT—I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I CAN GET ALL THE HANDS YOU NEED! JUST GET ME A BLANKET AND POINT OUT THE HIGHEST HILL AROUND HERE!

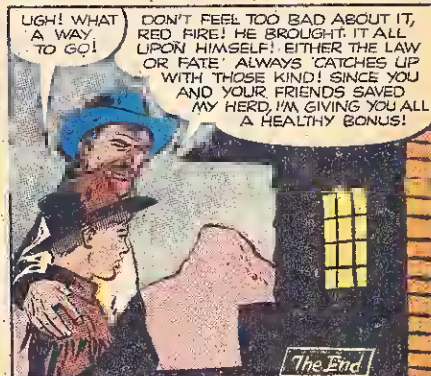
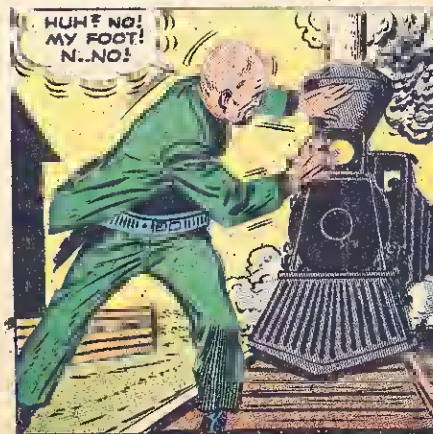
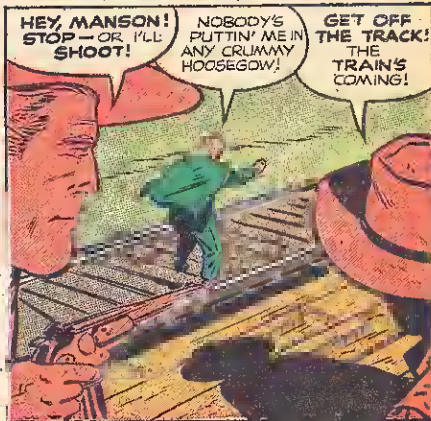












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"Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized. Many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.



You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send



Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast to coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This is Just Some of
the Equipment My
Students Build. All
Parts Yours to Keep

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left are but a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Get Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3KM National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 49th Year.

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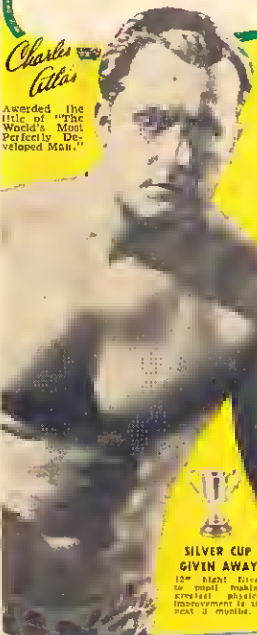
How to Be a
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JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

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WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION!" That's the trick! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadget or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DOP-MANT muscle-power in your own God-

given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

ARE YOU
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Do you want to lose 10 or 20 lbs. weight?
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"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 3½ inches expended."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

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- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Bigger Chest and Shoulders
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